

The Girard College Magazine



Commencement Issue

January 1927

Volume 8

Number 2

The Girard College Magazine

*Edited and Published Quarterly by the Students of
Girard College
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

Commencement Issue
January 1927

VOLUME VIII.

NUMBER 2

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief

HYMAN MARON

Associate Editors

JOHN GEIST

JOHN SIMPSON

Assistant Editors

ROBERT MCHOSE

JOHN REIDY

ELMER TWINING

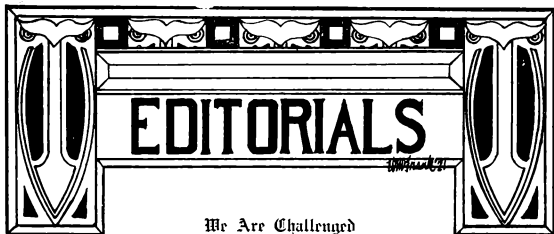
Reporters

ARTHUR NACKMAN

ROBERT SCHEIRER

Contents

EDITORIALS	3
LITERARY	6
ATHLETICS	24
SCHOOL NOTES	29
COMMENCEMENT	33



We Are Challenged

We have been told by Dr. Herrick that the number of Girard men attending higher institutions of learning is rapidly increasing, in spite of the rising tuition fees and cost of living.

What means this movement toward the continuance of education begun at Girard? In the first place, it indicates that Girard men are realizing that a high school education alone is not enough, if they would be successful in competition. Time was when a grammar school education was sufficient to give a man an appreciable advantage over his many rivals who had had only a smattering of the "three r's." Then, there was an era, and it wasn't long ago, when a real advantage was held by the graduate of a high school over the graduate of the grammar school. Nowadays, life is a struggle to the one who is equipped with but a limited preparation obtained in high school; for he seldom attains those positions to which a college man may advance. That Girard men realize the necessity of training for competition is the reason they matriculate at higher institutions of learning.

But a still deeper and greater meaning for this advancement was expressed by a Girard graduate who recently said, "I feel it my duty to build on the foundation

which was laid at Girard." Such is the spirit which is being fostered in the hearts of Girard men all over the country. To build on a foundation! It is the acceptance of this challenge, and a superior challenge it is, which spurs our graduates on to college, and, eventually, to success.

—John Reidy, June '27.

Fit and Benefit

Today we are in the midst of an intricate, complicated age of business where advancement is mainly accomplished as the result of successful competition. The rule which governs the savage often governs modern man also. It is the survival of the fittest. In this race for success, the goal of all human effort, we are inclined to be inconsiderate of those about us, to have a tendency toward furthering our own desires, without giving sufficient heed to others.

The reason for this problem may be found in the underlying instinct which has guided the actions of man since he first saw the light of day, and which probably will guide him always: "Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

It is futile to expect that this instinct may always be avoided. But there is one idea that we may stress more often than

we do. There is such a thing as, what was appropriately termed by Lord Bryce, "enlightened self-interest." His remedy means simply this: that instead of doing everything directly to benefit ourselves, we ought to act with the motive of benefiting the "common weal." This is enlightened self-interest, a sort of inverted selfishness, from which one may actually derive the only true and lasting benefits the world offers. It is just like sowing the seed and reaping the harvest. It is a very proper means by which we can be unselfish and yet not violate a fundamental law of psychology. And those who employ this means are destined to survive because they are the fittest.—John Reidy, June '27.

"Gimme"

"Gimme" is the nickname of Fred Marberry, famous relief pitcher of the Washington "Americans." As Marberry is about to take the ball from the pitcher he is relieving, he always says, "Gimme." There is a world of meaning behind this simple slang expression. What Marberry means is "Give me that I may give"; in other words, "Let me take in order that I may give." And strange to say, although Marberry is probably the best relief pitcher in the big leagues today, his work is scarcely revealed by baseball statistics. Suppose he is called to service at a time when the opponents are threatening to wrest the lead from his team: if he succeeds in staving off defeat, credit for winning the game goes to the pitcher whom he relieved; if he fails, the discredit is his. Just as often he is sent to the mound when his team is behind: a lost cause is his burden. And even then, the batters who might be fortunate enough to overcome the odds are those who receive the actual recognition. His is almost a case of everything to lose and nothing to

win. How many of us would like such a job?

All boys want fame. Is there one among us who, seeing a popular figure wildly cheered by an enthusiastic crowd, does not picture himself in that individual's position? True all of us want fame,—but what are we willing to give in return? Isn't it peculiar that we seldom accredit great success either to hard work or to a willingness to give as well as to take? When we dream of great success, we end our dreaming by thinking that the other fellow is just lucky or that he is born with brains. What a foolish conclusion! Everybody has some sort of brain: what counts is the development of each brain in power through proper use. Let us recall that genius is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration. And in what does the perspiration consist? Nothing more than "Gimme!" "Gimme" what? Give me the opportunity to build my own ladder! Give me the opportunity to climb!—Robert McHose, June '27.

The Conservation of Conversation

Conversation is probably the most carelessly performed operation of our daily life. It is an art which few take the trouble to master. We use it unlimitedly and by its use form many habits. Conversation is the essence of good comradeship. It is the tool of the soul for expression.

Most of us, however, do not realize the value of conversation. We seldom realize that even in its most intimate form, conversation reveals character. Its spontaneity often enables us to disregard the mask and see the inner man. People rarely feel they are being judged when they are talking about a picnic or a football game. But conversation is without deception. In fact, our opinions, beliefs, ideals, scope of

mind, depth of thought, desires, fears, and ambitions are all shown in our everyday conversation.

Aside from this, conversation is the foundation stone of personality. The interesting or pleasant talker usually has an interesting or pleasant personality. But the man who can never find anything to say is very tiresome.

Conversation is one of the most valuable weapons in the struggle for success. The man who can read character from conversation and judge motives by it, and who, on the other hand, can use it as a means for attaining an end, increases his opportunities for success. To be able to converse intelligently requires both an appreciation of the value of conversation and training in how to employ it.

Those of us who go about talking freely and blindly never realize the possibilities and the liabilities in conversation.

—Joseph McLaughlin, Jan. '29.

Magic

Concerning the value of deception there seem to be grave doubts in our minds. Is it worth the price?

You all remember how ably the late Dr. Conwell portrayed a man who spent years and years of futile effort and time seeking abroad for treasures that might have been found in his own back yard. We are always willing to pay a high price for the opportunity of watching a fakir produce a mango tree or convert white cloth into variously hued handkerchiefs. Yet for no money and little trouble we could behold the magic of Nature. For a few cents one could buy seeds enough to produce a magnificent garden, a true monument to Nature, something that no magician could imitate on the stage.

We have all seen the glorious sunsets during the summer. We have seen how a blanket of snowy white clouds can be converted into a coat of many colors, by a master hand so powerful that it need but move and the earth trembles, it need but raise a finger and fire bursts forth from the bowels of the earth. It might be well, therefore, that we catch that glimpse so lastingly expressed in "The Vision of Sir Launfal":

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer."

In truth, the world *is* but a stage upon which each day the Master Magician performs his magic.

—Elmer Twining, June '27.

Real Estate Quotations

One's use of school property is an index to one's school spirit.

What's in a name carved on a chair or on a door?

Is one's only mark in life that which he leaves upon a wall?

A character is often discovered by the tracks which are left behind.

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up thine own life's means.

If we would command respect, we must regard the rights of others.

Let us remember those who are to follow.

We should at least respect ourselves.

School spirit means the willingness to set the ideals of the school before personal desires.



Our Guiding Spirit

One May evening in the year 1776 the gale drove a merchant vessel into Delaware Bay. In the morning, the young captain learned that during the storm he had slipped past the British blockade. Thus, to avoid capture, he hid his wake in the morning mists and sailed up the river to Philadelphia.

The city was in a state of excitement. A ship laden with tea from English merchants had been sent back to England with its cheering cargo still under the hatches. A great meeting had been called to protest against the closing of the port of Boston. Within a month Independence Hall was to echo the eloquence of every noted patriot in the thirteen colonies.

Yet all this excitement emanated from a small city of about 20,000 people huddled in a space two miles square along the Delaware. Small houses of simple colonial architecture lined cobblestone streets. Ten feet away from the door steps of these houses were iron posts to guard against carriages encroaching on flagstone pavements. Hand pumps furnished a doubtful source of water for the whole city. In the evening the streets were dimly lighted by lamps in the front rooms of private dwellings. Later, at night, only the watchman's lantern glimmered in the heavy darkness.

In those days most of the business of Philadelphia was transacted on the river-front. Strange to say, the unprotected shore was but a miry footway. Here on the wharves that stretched out fifty feet into the river, ships unloaded their valuable cargoes of lumber, rum, sugar, molasses, tea, and all manner of cloth from cheap cotton to costly Canton silk. Along High Street and Water Street were grouped the markets which supplied the inhabitants with provisions. Silversmiths, who fashioned the much-prized shoe and knee buckles, tailors, wig makers, masons, millers and coffee house proprietors all crowded about picturesque High Street and the bazaar-like river front.

Such was the Philadelphia at whose wharves the young captain docked the "Amiable Louise." Here he toiled and labored the remainder of his eventful life. Here he accomplished, with a limited education but with an all-embracing wisdom, a life work which is so well known to all of you.

How changed is the port of Philadelphia today! From two square miles the city has overspread one hundred twenty-nine square miles. Twenty thousand people have multiplied one hundred fold. Thirty-eight hundred colonial structures have been superseded by over four hundred thousand of modern architecture. Today High Street begrudges passageway to the horse-drawn vehicle. Under the street, along the street, above the street, rushes incessant traffic. And at night the heavens

reflect the dazzling glory of the streets where once the lonely watchman with his lantern groped his solitary way.

How differently equipped is the young man of today! He possesses an educational foundation for his chosen vocation. In addition, he has had instruction pertaining to character and good citizenship. From every side he has sound advice. He has become acquainted with his duties as a good citizen. Illustrated lectures, books, music,—in fact, everything which is valuable in building a foundation for life is at his command. He is ready for the molding, shaping hand of experience to adapt him to the world's needs and perhaps fashion of him a constructive unit in the world's affairs.

Classmates of January 1927, we young men of today are the beneficiaries of that youth who entered Philadelphia 150 years ago. His equipment was a love for hard work and an ample fund of native intelligence. In view of the few advantages of our benefactor, what should we, the Class of January, accomplish? Just these things: a strong character, good citizenship and a thorough mastery of our life work. Stephen Girard had character in insisting that whatever he promised or was promised to him was duly executed without the artificial stimulus of a reward. Citizenship was displayed by him when he courageously risked his life in caring for the people stricken with yellow fever. Only an extraordinary business sagacity could have kept Girard's ships profitably afloat during the trying years of the Napoleonic wars. If we too develop character; if we too master our life work; if we too become good citizens, will he not be satisfied? As the Class of January 1927 on the morrow enters the port of Philadelphia, may we ever keep before us this, our guiding spirit, "Will he be satisfied?"—Hyman Maron, Jan. '27.

Sir Roger DeCoverley Views Modern Advertising

(The Prize Declamation)

The other night I reluctantly closed a volume of "The Sir Roger DeCoverley Papers." My fellowship had been pleasant; and I was loathe to leave such congenial company as had been mine for several hours. While I leafed over the pages, I thought how well Sir Roger had hit off the foibles of his age. Were he alive, what would he think of our civilization so complex in its nature?

As I glanced about the room in which I was at the time, I thought of myself as a member of the Bachelor's Club and of the quarters as the club room. There in the far corner Sir Andrew Freeport would sit conversing with Captain Sentry. At the card table would be Will Honeycomb, Lord Rochester, and several others of lesser prominence. The alchemy of imagination worked its transformation. It *was* Sir Andrew Freeport in the far corner. The room *was* that of the club. About me the members were engaged in their favorite pastimes. As I was noting the dress and the customs of the time, my attention was drawn to the doorway in which now appeared the subject of my speculation, Sir Roger DeCoverley.

With the gait of a squire much accustomed to riding and the hunt, he walked toward me, taking the chair next to mine, at the same time greeting me in a friendly fashion. He settled down to the perusal of the last copy of the "Spectator," but

not with his usual zest for the news. Possibly, thought I, he is disposed to conversation; and knowing his propensity for a bluff disregard of formality, I plunged at once into conversation. "Sir Roger, for the past few years I have been troubled about many questions. One of the most perplexing is the matter of our present day advertising. Do you think there is anything lacking in our methods?"

"Why nothing, my lad, nothing." He went on, "I think that advertisements are of great use to the vulgar. First of all, as they are instruments of an ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the "Gazette" may easily creep into the advertisements, by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running footman with an ambassador. Furthermore, my lad, you must remember there are just so many dollars to be spent in the purchase of goods. That the use of advertising creates new dollars is only evident to the advertising agents, at least so they say." Knowing his love for facts, I remarked, "Sir Roger, did you know that in the year 1876 about three million aggregate lines of advertisements were printed in our newspapers; whereas in 1920 twenty-three and a half million lines were printed, the latter at a cost of \$600,000?" My statistics had met with his satisfaction, as I could tell by the light in his eyes.

"It is highly probable, my lad, some companies (I have it on authority) spend on advertising one percent of the total value of their sales; others, seven percent; and still others the unprecedented ratio of twenty percent. The total bill for advertising with certain corporations reaches the staggering sum of a million and a half dollars yearly." Smilingly he said, "Still you must admit advertising is useful, for does it not shift the buying from product A to product B? It stops me from buying Mogg's Soap and encourages me to buy Bogg's Soap."

But still I was not satisfied, so I continued, "We have a large variety of products, Sir Roger. Do you think that some products are just a duplication of others?" His answer was on his lips ere I could finish my question, which only showed that he had meditated long before on the subject. "Indeed I do; as I went into a drug store yesterday, I counted from thirty to forty different kinds of tooth pastes, supposedly a different paste for each tooth, and from thirty to sixty different varieties of soaps, a different soap for each kind of dirt, I presume. A queer life one would lead were it not for advertising. Who would tell us what to buy and what not to buy? As it is, though, I am troubled over the contradiction of our present advertising. The tailor urges us to sit down, while the shoemaker tells us to stand up."

"The other day I prepared to visit Sir Andrew Freeport. When with grip packed I was musing through the pages of the "Spectator," I was attracted by an advertisement begging the reader to stay at home. Immediately I unpacked and prepared to spend an evening at home. As I settled comfortably in a chair, I noticed that a slipper manufacturing association advertised the "Stay at home" slogan. On Thursday last I picked up my evening paper to read the romance of business in the pages devoted to advertisements. My attention was attracted by such appeals as, 'Eat more pie,' urged by the National Guild of Craftsmen; 'Eat more spaghetti,' requested the spaghetti manufacturers, and a half page attractively worded by the

raisin growers insisted that I had not taken sufficient iron into my system that day. I am sure if we were to follow the urgings of all these advertisements, we would be in a position to use more and better coffins."

"You must know, too, that advertising has helped advance our knowledge of chemistry, for in one magazine I saw the announcement, written by a water-softening concern, declaring that hard water had ruined more hands than hard work. Another offered this hope: 'All I ask is ninety days and then you'll be a real man.' The war against untruthful advertising has been long and bitter, but it has been a winning struggle, on the part of those forces that fought to wipe deception and fraud from printed selling, as you may verify by glancing over our present magazines. It is a known fact that fraudulent advertising will not be accepted today by any reputable publication. Each advertisement that is submitted is scrutinized for evidences of deception."

"You must keep in mind, my son, that promise is great and promise is the soul of an advertisement. But is mere promise what the people demand? If it were not for advertising, we would know little of the five-cent cigar. Do you think we buy the five-cent cigar because it has good qualities? If it had such qualities, it would not be sold for five cents. Then if quality is not the cause for the deception, advertising must have done the trick."

"Sir Roger," said I, "how does the advertising of today compare with that of yesterday?" "To show you the difference, my friend, I will read you an advertisement from the "London News" of 1767. 'Warhams Excellent Mouth Water, which certainly relieves toothache, strengthens and preserves the gums, takes off all foul odors forming from bad teeth. Sold only by W. Strode.' Perhaps the eminent Strode was the inspiration for 'Every four out of five have it.'"

"We need no pictures to portray our life—advertising does that. Indeed, it is a most perfect world in which we live, for are we not a people of wrinkle-proof trousers, odorless breaths, happy homes in New Jersey fifteen minutes from Hoboken, punctureless tires, and self-washing dishes? Why, my lad, advertising is priceless. We could not get along without its help."

I have not told you the glory of advertising—it doesn't need any, and I am not sure that it deserves any. But let me remind you what Tennyson thought about our problem:

Great is advertising! 'Tis almost fate,
But little mush-room men, of puff ball fame,
Oh! do you dream to be mistaken great,
And to be really great are just the same?

—William Benjamin, June '27

The Claim of Exploit

All mortals who are continually agitated about the routine of their lives may find their conditions somewhat alleviated by being in the same predicament as he who took a trip on an iceberg.

One day the brave and undaunted explorer commenced a voyage to the north-

ern extremities of our continent. He had already ventured far, far into the recesses of the blasting cold arctic region. Already this frigid, uninhabitable country had opened its cold heart to the conqueror; already it had shown the beauties of its glittering white blanket; yet continually on he pressed, seeking what no man had found, the north pole. With unrelenting pounding his ship cut the heavy ice, the barrier of all stout-hearted explorers.

When spring came, then out ventured from his cosy cabin the bulky, heavily fur-clad conqueror to reconnoiter the land he had so valiantly captured. Your story books have told you of it. Why should I again portray that awe-inspiring spectacle? Suffice it to say, that in the infinite sea of ice, the explorer found himself alone. Alone, marooned, a victim of the desolate ocean, doomed to a fate dreadful and grotesque! There he drifted upon the vast expanse of ice floe, despair and horror crushing his very soul. The agony undergone by men of stern fibre is scarcely revealed by their thoughts during the final hour. Thus he bowed to the inevitable and spoke: "Never, never shall I escape her alien grasps. I shall be swept down, down by that all powerful force, until land will be imperceptible."

Ice corrodes by the continued beating of the waves until at last no particle remains. Hunger feeds upon the flesh of the starving. Cold steals life more calmly. For an eternal space of time he stood, with death urging at every side. And then he became again a dauntless adventurer, willing to risk all for the sake of discovery. A rope was in his hands, and he was a hero forevermore.

—William Bruse, June '27.

Solid Comfort

I know all of you are able to recall the times and places where all the practical and worldly cares and duties were obliterated because the physical conditions surrounding you were so congenial that you became oblivious to all but the lofty aspirations naturally engendered in an imagination accessible to the harmonious effects of nature. You still remember the time when you were alone, away from the excitement and confusion of the workaday world and in a sequestered nook overlooking a verdurous background with the sun casting its mellow rays on the scene before you. Here you reclined comfortably under the shady branches of a great oak tree, your mind and body in mutual concord with the scene. Such prepossessing conditions and many similar ones which have the same desirable effect of dispelling all energetic propensities and fertilizing our imagination are conditions found in all seasons and climates and only await those who crave comfort.

This illustration of unmolested comfort and unannoyed quietude and other portrayals of the ideal conditions which arise at those rare intervals when our minds and bodies are made comfortable by the absence of all those incongruities always attendant on ordinary life, are descriptions of conditions that are regarded as sacred by those who are engrossed in them. In these circumstances man becomes supreme, since in the moments when his mind is free from all petty evils and pernicious habits which otherwise are the ruling passions of his life, he begins to build air castles. Thus we may safely say that in the few scattered moments in which man through

comfort derived from the effects of nature has attained the pinnacle of contemplative thought, he has derived more pleasure than in all the intervening time when by his avaricious and bestial greed he has neglected the joys of nature so instrumental to the happiness of the human race.—William Bruse, June '27.

Growing Up

Every one of us sometime or other has had odd and unusual experiences. One of them is growing up. Of course this may not be unusual in one way, but in another it is. With much the same training we all grow up differently: each has a different outlook on life, each one of us has a different plan for the future. When we are smaller, our tendency is often to envy the grown boy. His privileges are more numerous, his habits are different, and his opinions count for more. As we grow older, we attain these privileges, and our eagerness is not so keen as it was when we were smaller. Some of us, however, deceive ourselves by imagining we are bigger than we really are. As we draw near to maturity, the foolishness which often marked our pastimes gradually vanishes away; and we enter into a new life of a more sensible existence. When younger we are often apt to be careless in our personal appearance, and our habits are apt to be slovenly. Upon entering maturity we take more pride in ourselves. Some young men often spend many minutes on their hair alone. Our habits become more refined and gentle. Some realization of what life is becomes more clearly visualized, and we cut ourselves free from mother's apron strings to fight the battle of life. Thus by the time we reach manhood, after the happy and interesting experience of growing up, we have laid aside childish things, and have prepared ourselves for the great fight which is to spell defeat or victory for us in the future.—Norman Kinzey, June '27.

My "Grandpappie's Chair"

"Grandpappie's chair" has been, and ever will remain, a great source of pleasure to me in my reminiscences. To begin with I have no idea as to how long it has been in the family; but as "curved-back Windsors" were in style some odd one hundred years or more ago I take it that this particular one is at least that old. My great-grandfather, he who fought in the Civil War, had it when my grandfather was much younger than I am at the present. Naturally I treasure that relic of my great-grandsire as many other people do their rich inheritances of colonial mansions, coats of arms and other objects of equal veneration. Upon the death of my great-grandfather, a year or two before I came into this world, the chair was left to my grandfather who uses it so constantly that it is almost a part of him.

In recalling my early boyhood I shall never forget the part played by "Grandpappie and his chair." Invariably in my mind I link them both together and can not think of one without the other. Upon returning from work in the evening he would settle in his chair and call me to him. I would come a running as I knew he was desiring "his play" as usual. Up into his lap I would go (he lifted me bodily—I being so wee) and then came his "beardings and Dutch-rubs." Sand-

paper on the face would have been better. Even today I am in some small doubt but that this play was not altogether the reason why I can grow no small amount of beard in a day or two. After this had ended, he gave me a cent to get a paper—papers were a cent in those days—and a cent for myself. The latter always went into my "penny bank" without delay. Then off to the corner I would go for the paper as fast as my little legs would carry me. Returning I would find him pretending to sleep, and when awakened he grabbed me and placed me on his lap. Seated there together he would read to me the "Bed Time Stories" and then let me go out to play until dark. Never shall those days be forgotten, nor "Grandpappie and his carved-back Windsor chair," for some day the chair shall come to me that I too may play the role of "Grandpappie and his chair."

—Dayton Froelich, Jan. '28.

The Alligator Farm

Florida has no zoos but practically every town of any size in that state has its alligator farm. The one at St. Petersburg, although comparatively small, is among the best known in the state.

Upon entering this farm one is met by an elderly man who in a voice which apparently has for years spoken through the megaphone, meekly asserts that he is "the one who collects the quarters." After pocketing the admission coin and waiting until he is surrounded by a group of five or six, he begins the tour by leading the visitors to the nearest stall. Here in his monotonous tone he begins, "These alligators, about a foot in length, are the young—each between one and two years of age."

"Are they harmless?" asks the tall thin lady with tortoise shell glasses.

"The alligator does not become ferocious until he is about ten years of age," the guide retorts. Then, taking out a little bottle seemingly from nowhere, he continues, "This is an alligator in embryo, four weeks old. Note how perfectly he is formed. This animal reproduces between the ages of thirty and fifty. The female lays about sixty eggs a year and all in one day. Upon hatching, the baby 'gators go off and forage for themselves. At this point I may add that while alive the sex cannot be determined."

With the visitors at his heels the guide passes to a larger stall. "These alligators are from ten to thirty years old. Their three occupations are sleeping, eating, and fighting." A giggle from the crowd interrupts the guide who resumes, "The only way to stop two 'gators from fighting is to turn a hose on them. Hitting them with a stick only makes them fight harder as the alligator receiving the blow, thinks it was dealt by its antagonist."

"Oh! look at those with their paws off!" exclaims the short dark-complexioned woman.

"Yes," continues the guide, "the alligator does not bite anything off. He grabs it in his jaws and rolls over and over until it is literally ripped off."

"How do you tell their ages?" asked the awkward, intelligent-looking chap.

"No one can be sure of an alligator's age. It is estimated from the size of the

animal. These, as you see, are from five to seven feet in length," the guide answers as he leads the party to the adjoining stall where he recommences, "Here is Effie. She is edging toward me, thus indicating that she is hungry. There—now you have a fine view of her mouth."

"Oh!" exclaimed the two women.

"It looks as though Effie would like to eat me. Just a minute, folks, and I'll be with you."

He departs and returns, according to the youngster who is anxiously trying to attract attention to his new Ingersoll Yankee, exactly sixty seconds later, and with a large piece of raw meat.

"Oooh mamma!" a little girl shrills to the tall thin lady, "look how far she has opened her mouth. Her jaws must be two feet apart."

"I'll place the meat in Effie's mouth," says the guide, "but don't think me brave as I know Effie won't take my arm."

"Doesn't she chew?" asks the middle-aged man with a Brownie No. 2, which he won't be able to use as it looks like rain.

"No," replies the guide, "she merely swallows her food."

"Oh look!" the little girl cries, "all the others have come around for food too."

"Well, they're going to be disappointed," says the guide, "for here's Methuselah, the oldest alligator in captivity. Methuselah is quite famous having toured the country and played in the movies. He is over four hundred years old."

"Why is he so quiet?" asks the man with the camera.

"The older they get, the lazier they become and Methuselah, as you see, is a very good example of this. On your right are Romeo and Juliet, the most peaceful couple of the century. They never disagree and don't know what it is to quarrel."

"Does an alligator make any vocal sound?" queries the awkward, intelligent-looking chap.

"Yes," the guide answers, "occasionally they bellow."

While talking the guide has led the visitors to another stall where he says, "Noah, who is before you, is also an old, huge, and famous animal. In fact he is second only to Methuselah. In this next stall is Fighting Bob, the most ferocious alligator we know of. As you may note, all of his paws are missing; yet Bob has won every fight he was in. That will give you a fair idea of the nature and number of fights he has fought. Sometime ago a Pekinese poodle was brought in here by a little girl who placed the dog on the top of Bob's stall. I heard a scream and came running over just in time to see the poodle disappearing in Bob's mouth. Of course, needless to say, it is absolutely necessary to keep Bob in an individual stall. This adjoining stall containing a pool is the 'gator hospital. The animal in there has had its tail ripped off. We have now seen all the live alligators, folks, and if you will follow me I will show you an alligator's skull."

The guide leads the group to a sort of desk where he picks up the skull saying, "This little hole into which, as you see, I cannot poke my index finger, is where the entire brain of the alligator is found!"

A murmur of surprise follows this announcement, after which the guide continues, "In my left hand is a young crocodile and in my right an alligator of approxi-

mately the same age. The crocodile is seldom found on these shores as he is a native of the old world. As you see, the crocodile has a thinner and more pointed jaw than the alligator. That is the most noticeable difference between the two."

"Which is the most ferocious?" asks the middle-aged gentleman with the Brownie No. 2.

"The crocodile," the guide answers and then adds, "Now ladies and gents—that is all. Kindly remember that we are selling picture post cards ten cents each and baby alligators for two dollars."

But the tall, thin lady with tortoise shell glasses, the short, dark-complexioned woman, the little girl, the boy with the Ingersoll Yankee watch, the awkward, intelligent looking chap, and the middle-aged gentleman with the unused camera, all file out without buying a picture post card or a baby alligator.

—Arthur Nackman, Jan. '28.

The Conflict

The tense crowd held their breath, the moment was crucial, the silent ring of spectators unconsciously moved nearer to the battlers. There was scarcely any room to stir.

The result was inevitable. "Red" Donahue, the Third Street bully, was slowly crushing his smaller opponent in defeat, as he had crushed many smaller opponents before.

The crowd stood awe-struck at the terrible scene, silently wishing the defeat of the bully, yet not daring to express their opinions for fear of the dire consequences should "Red" overhear their remarks. The poor little chap "Red" had "picked on" was striving desperately, but alas, in vain. The crowd was now with him man to man, his brave, futile effort struck a responsive chord in their hearts. If only he were more experienced, perhaps he would have given "Red" a licking,—but, it could not be so, he was unfortunately handicapped by his inexperience.

Must it always be so? Will the larger be forever on top? It was plainly so in this case. The conflict was practically over, the smaller again getting the worst. "Red's" opponent was obstinately but surely giving ground. A cold sweat broke out over his heated brow, his eyes seemed ready to pop out.

"Red" calmly, deliberately made his final move. It was all over. Placing his rook and supported by the aid of his bishop, "Red" cried, "Check!" The game was won.—William Layman, Jan. '28.

Criticism

Walking through the endless catacombs of rooms and halls in the Palace of Fine Arts you may have seen one of the varied interests of the International Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, that portion of the gigantic collection of art which includes cubism.

I think that the reader knows that cubism is a modern version of art by which

straight lines and angles express volume. However often one sees the most colorful and rare canvases featuring this art, he would be inclined to believe they represented anything. As one looks at these canvases different reactions come to him.

I was impressed by the oddness of this art. Try to imagine volume or depth by straight lines, a ball with corners and sides or a face with flat forehead, cheeks, and chin. Truly, I prefer them to have curves. In some cases it looks as though the artist had spilled several tubes of paint over the canvas, the first step toward a great picture by the cubist method. Then his imagination wandered. He plied his brush in straight sweeps, somehow keeping his colors pure. He then puts a frame around it, sending it to the art gallery. The critics claim it a huge success by such exclamations as "What a gorgeous color scheme!" "Such imagination!" The public enters the gallery, and unable to find what the picture means, takes the artist's word that it represents the New York sky line at sundown. The public passes on to something which it can understand.—Walter Pealer, Jan. '28.

The Emperor

Who do you think is the most powerful ruler in the world today? The King of Siam is the only absolute monarch now ruling. The President of the United States has great powers given to him. The King of England a few. Dictator Mussolini of Italy can do many things. I, however, am personally acquainted with the most absolute ruler, and I hope you are acquainted with him also. He is Emperor Thought of the Kingdom of Imagi Nation.

Emperor Thought has no congresses, cabinets, nor parliaments to hinder him in doing what he wishes. He can travel around the earth faster than we can move our fingers about an orange. He can at noon be talking to the Premier of France, and in the next minute or less, be giving advice to President Coolidge.

King Thought, in his Kingdom of Imagi Nation, can build immense bridges across oceans, construct marvelous machines to do man's work, and pile skyscrapers towering mountains high. With billion candle-power electric lights night becomes day.

Thought, however, is an emperor jealous for his own domain, and so he does not often let other kingdoms into the secrets of his vast powers. He has built some machines such as the automobile, radio and dirigible and exported them to his neighbor, the Kingdom of Life.

This Emperor is to me the most powerful ruler in the world.

—Fred Longo, Jan. '28.

Telling Tales

Probably I should not do what I am about to do, that is to tell of an adventure, if it can be called such, which occurred to my grandmother, my step-grandmother I should have said, but the only grandparent that I ever knew.

Picture to yourself the time some twenty odd years ago during McKinley's administration, and the scene, to be exact, the reception room in the White House at

Washington. Fancy a room of all possible beauty, but note in particular the polished wax floor. Into this room there entered my grandfather and grandmother, as I call her, together with a little girl. As they advanced across this polished surface, mother opened her mouth to caution the girl to step carefully. The advice was wasted, for at that moment the little girl slipped and fell. To make matters worse my grandmother's false teeth, being somewhat loose, also fell. Nor was that all. Stooping to pick them up, she inadvertently brought the toe of her shoe in contact with them, sending them sliding across the floor. Theirs was a distinguished journey in an historic setting, but then I guess grandmother thought nothing of that at the time. But here I draw the curtain she must have prayed for at the time to hide the scene.—Dayton Froelich, Jan. '28.

Our Consideration

A thing which puzzled me very much during my trip through the Exposition was the way the people acted toward the exhibit of the National Casket Company. I stood by the exhibit and watched the people who came up to it.

The first ones, a group of boys, saw the caskets, stared at them, turned around and walked away, snickering to themselves. The solemn looking representative of the company smiled; I noticed that especially—and it was a real smile too. Next came two old women, in their seventies I suppose, who inspected all of the coffins and expressed their opinions about each one. Perhaps as they stood there, they chose,—chose the ones they would like to be buried in—sooner perchance than they expected. After the women came two young men. They regarded the caskets smilingly. "Pretty nifty," said one; "Yeah," returned the other, and they walked away.

Then I suppose I was struck by the seriousness of the subject, for I too went over to the coffins, looked them over and strolled away. I don't know what makes me smile when I think of this—but anyway, I do.—Jonathan Kistler, Jan. '28.

My Private Workshop

As the warm, sultry days of summer pass and the cold blasts of winter wind blow full in my face I pass up the mild poems of summer splendor and burst with eagerness into the rigorous poems of winter fury. "Maud Muller" no longer holds my fancy. I must have something true to season.

It is snowing. The flakes drive with relentless fury against the pane. As night falls, the forest is one great white expanse, as silent as it is white. Helas! It is day. Only a slight breeze rattles the casement. I have delved too far into Lowell's great work and found it a reality.

Today my mood has changed. Dickens is especially delightful. I pity Scrooge and enjoy an hour with tiny Tim. Finished with Dickens, I find myself in a mood once more to bear the heavy armor of the blunt Miles Standish.

But Miles is not altogether pleasing; and so I journey to the primitive home of the beautiful maiden Priscilla. I hide myself as John Alden enters and in flowery words offers love on behalf of the blunt captain I had left less than an hour ago.

To me it seems somewhat of a comedy, but looking into the eyes of Priscilla and John Alden, one could have found it easy to suppress even a smile. I leave the cabin and with it the dreamy land of poetry.

There are those of us who like echoes of summer, those who like gusts of winter. Whatever our desire, that of winter or summer, let our fount be that of poetry.

It is great to be a dreamer,
Do nothing else but dream,
It is great to be a lover,
And star upon the screen.

It is great to be a singer,
To sing through many hours,
But there's nothing like a poet,
To unfold this world of ours.

—T. H. Esrey, Jan. '29.

A Prayer

How will you meet the crisis
When life's mortal work is o'er?
How will you face your judgment
When your soul from you doth soar?
Strive for the noble and the good
So when at last thy time doth come
You may your burden drop, and pass
To realms beyond, a victory won.
I want to thank the God above
For a spirit strong and true
I want to offer kindly thanks
For a will and conscience, too.
And when the hour of judgment comes
Then may I stand with Him who died
For us, and say with heart so free
"I did my best, for I have *tried*."
All the urgings of my soul
Make me want to do, through strife,
Things to help me reach my goal
And things to gain immortal life.

—William Baker, Jan. '29.

Mothers' Day

A crowd of eager faces, a pressing throng, waiting! A parade? Not a bit of it. Mothers' Day at Girard.

The gates are thrown wide, the crowd outside rushes in. Mothers, friends, relatives, all surge forward. One thought and one thought only—to meet the boy.

I have often wondered what grief they harbor in their parting, this mother and her son. Perhaps it is grief mingled with a joy inspired by the day's recollections. Parting from him, she looks forward to another happy meeting.

And the boy? Is he sorry? Yes, possibly; yet the thought of a locker filled with goodies covers his heart pang with sweetness.

They part at the gate, mother and son, with farewell kiss. How different the scene. The crowd, once eagerly pressing forward, is now leaving by twos or threes, reluctantly with many a backward look. Eager? Yes, for the next Mothers' Day.—William Baker, Jan. '29.

Trailing a Brook

Lives there anyone who has never followed a brook? If there is one so unfortunate, let him follow a brook soon.

Suppose you were out in the country on a hot, hot day, and you wanted to keep cool. You accordingly tell your mother that you are going into the woods. After entering the woods you make a bee line for a nearby brook. On arriving at the stream, you sit down on the bank and think what to do next. As you reflect, the thought comes, "I wonder where the end of this stream is, and what it is like." So you start trailing it.

As you look ahead you see sparklers in the water, but when you arrive at the spot, it is only the sun peeping through the trees. The calls of birds and animals, and most of all, the steady gurgling of the brook as it jumps and leaps about the rocks, lead you on. You keep moving on not thinking that probably the stream is trying to tell of its journey. Likely you do not go far before you begin to get hungry. Your watch confirms your suspicion of the hour. From the bread in your pocket and from the berry bushes you make a meal.

As you are still bound to know what is at the end of the brook you proceed once more on your joyful trip. As you venture through woods and fields, you notice that the brook is growing narrower, till at last you are standing over the "Pot of Gold" at the end of your rainbow-quest—a pool of spring water.

As you take a drink, the thought comes, "Why this is not the end of the brook but the beginning." You are glad to find it; but you leave with a feeling of sadness.—George Abel, Jan. '30.

A Day of Fishing in the Ocean

Down at the wharves people are gathered: young men priding themselves on how much they'll catch, middle-aged men talking "salty," and finally the crew of the boat complacently looking on. The line is cast off and the boat heads for the sea. Without warning you feel queer: the laughing ocean is frowning, the boat is whirling round and round with amazing speed. Suddenly you dash for the rail wishing the boat would sink. The Captain sees you in this plight and comes down and asks you whether you are sick. You say "No" most emphatically; and he leads you to a chair. You slump down and feel worse. Finally you doze off. Then you wake up. You see everybody else fishing except a few who wish to comfort you by

sharing your misery. What a beautiful ocean! What pretty birds! The Captain gives you a hook and line and a rod. In despair you are just ready to give up when a tug on your hook makes you think you have a whale. You reel and he pulls. Suddenly he dashes for the boat. You reel and finally after a fight of ten minutes you pull in your whale, a small one pound sea bass, one of the gamiest of all fish. You hook again and pull in a weak fish, and you wonder how anybody ever misnamed such a fish. You know he is not a weakling but a fighter. Your luck continuing, you pull in flounders, porgies, sea bass, weak fish and blue fish.

At last as the boat turns homeward, the sunburnt fisherman feels the trip was worth the seasickness. When he eats his own browned fish he knows that he is going fishing again.—John Turner, June '29.

A Ride in the Night

Most of you who read this have had the opportunity to ride at night in an automobile in a long parade of machines. But then such a ride is ordinarily marked by glaring headlights, traffic jams and everything to make it unpleasant. Few of you perhaps have had the feeling of whizzing along through the engulfing darkness hearing nothing but the hum of the motor and the night calls of the wild folk.

My first experience came this summer when I had the opportunity to go to Virginia by machine. At first I did not pay much attention to the ride but thought only of the good time I would have once I arrived at my destination. The start had been made at two o'clock, and for a little while the roadway was familiar, and so my thoughts leaped ahead. After riding for a few hours I tried to pierce the darkness and see the landscape by night. Once in a while when the moon came out, I saw a few feet on either side.

Looking out ahead I suddenly caught sight of two headlights which looked so small yet were quite close. We were nearing the spot rapidly when they disappeared. But at that moment the car swerved to one side and our bright lights shown, not on another car, but on a cat which had been stalking rats in the field.

With no one near but the driver one has only to close his eyes and listen to the sounds of nature to get a thrill in a ride at night. Let him drive you through the country while you sit back and enjoy it. Watch the dawn come stealing over the hills and the sun come peeking up. You will find a thrill which I can not describe.

—Clinton Bortz, June '29.

Mitchell Field

One fine morning we headed our car for Mitchell Field, a Government aviation field near Hempstead, Long Island. As we came to a stone gateway, we saw ahead the long, low houses in which the soldiers live. We passed by the headquarters of the fire department and viewed the commander's house on the lawn of which was a large box with a horn similar to that of a victrola but much larger, an instrument to detect the presence of airplanes. Presently we came to a road along which rumbled motor transports, and khaki-clad soldiers were dashing back and forth on motor-

cycles. Before us were spread huge hangars sheltering all kinds of planes. On one side of the flying field was the first Curtiss airplane, a funny looking machine compared with a modern one.

It is interesting to watch the airplanes start their flight. Two or three mechanics grasp hands, one holding to the propeller. "Contact?" they say, and the aviator responds, "Contact." Then as the mechanics run forward, the propeller whirrs around, and off goes the plane. It speeds along smoothly for several hundred feet and then gradually ascends until it becomes a mere speck in space.

There were also the bombing planes, each one with racks to carry about thirty bombs at a time. If the aviator should desire to drop a bomb, he releases a lever and the bomb falls from under the cockpit. Nearby in a huge hangar rested a giant double-decker for carrying passengers. A brown-eyed, active terrier, the mascot of the planes, raced off after the starting machines and stood barking triumphantly as they mounted into the air. What pleased us most was our being permitted to take pictures of the things we had enjoyed seeing.—John Carson, June '29.

The Airplanes at the Sesqui

The Sesqui-Centennial grounds were the haunts of many huge, mechanical birds. They could be distinguished by a wavering hum, which at times approached the loudness of a box factory, and occasionally diminished to indistinctness. They appeared usually in groups of three but sometimes alone. Represented by two classes, the double wing and monoplane, they flew peacefully over the grounds or excited one's anxiety with graceful glides and spins. One of the commonest and most thrilling of their antics was the loop-the-loop. As the plane climbed to an inverted position, you instinctively looked to see the aviator drop. The pilot also had the power to make his plane turn around as a card twirls while descending. This exhibition was not complete unless one went to see the display of aircraft in the Government Building.—Carl Ostrom, June '29.

An Interesting Book

"Professor How Could You." By Harry Leon Wilson. Cosmopolitan, New York, 1924.

This is the tale of a small-town college professor who rebels against the high-handedness of his wife, the town's newly appointed mayor, and the resulting indignities to which he is exposed. He flees from home and falls in with a group of bootleggers and underworld denizens. Following this experience he acts as an Indian chief in a medicine show through the middle west. His desire to see the Rocky Mountains, his flight from a "rah rah" alumnus of his old college, and his adventures with a travelling side show and carnival, all go to make up a fast moving, rollicking story. The professor's attempts at the slang of his associates and his freak translations of their language are hilarious. His calm complacency, moreover, is also a source of humor, as is the mild satire of many things in the modern world. Anyone who is looking for some clever, interesting fiction which is out of the ordinary, cannot go far wrong if he reads this novel.—John Schuck, Jan. '28.

Frankness

How many of us when asked to give a critical opinion are frank? Probably the majority of us are frank only in those cases where our judgment is a favorable one. Often frankness is not wanted, even though it is requested.

To illustrate. A friend of mine, a boy who had developed more rapidly than the rest of us, was anxious to appear older than he really was. He was robust and strong, but he felt ashamed of the light colored down on his cheeks and upper lip, which did not as yet appear as black as his curly hair. He took to shaving every day in order to make his mustache grow.

One night before shaving, he asked me, "Sam, can you see any hair on my face?"

Now I could detect only a little light fuzz, but I made the answer I knew would please him, "Yes, I can see some."

At once he replied, "Aw, you can't."

The very next night he asked me the same question. Remembering how he had taken my previous answer, I decided to be frank. "No," I said, "I can't see any."

He was much taken back by my reply, but not so much as I was when he pleaded, "Look closer."—Samuel Matthews Jan. '29.

I Pay the Fiddler

The epitome of sugary bliss is found in a neatly ribboned box of the confectioner's art. Who will gainsay the elusive, pleasurable charm of caramel, sticky to the right consistency and coated with maple syrup? Lemon-creams with enough of lemon to counteract the too quickly satisfying effect of chocolate are an important constituent. Walnuts and almonds, chocolate covered or encased in a crystallized shell of sugar, offer a little more resistance than the other toothsome confections and are welcome after yielding, cocoanut-crusteds creams have lingeringly slipped a diabetic path down my receptive throat. Marmalades and every out-of-the-ordinary jelly that the manufacturers can combine are in that box of mine, and much more. Yet here this dream must stop—all these syrupy ramblings have surfeited my sweet tooth, and I now have a toothache.

—Hyman Maron, Jan. '27.

At the Sraqui

Of the things which really made me marvel, the one that most impressed me, probably more from its uniqueness and mystery than from its benefit to mankind, was a "bubble" surrounding an Underwood typewriter. As I looked, it seemed a ball of solid glass, then a ball of hollow glass, and finally a ball of celluloid. Imagine my surprise when the attendant approached and informed me that the "bubble" consisted of six highly polished nickel hoops, revolving at a terrific rate while various colored lights flashed upon them.—Arthur Nackman, Jan. '28.

A Long Night's Trail

I had reached the top of the long hill. Before me lay the pebble-strewn dirt road lighted by the moon into a ribbon of grey against the bordering black shrubbery. The effect was heightened by thousands of twinkling stars lighting the sky, glowing and then seemingly disappearing only to reappear again. As I walked along, the road began to slope downward. Although I could not see it, I knew that just behind that dark patch ahead of me lay my home.

On my left large bushes loomed against the sky line, and as I walked along I was glad that the road was wide; for the silence of the evening was disturbed by the rustle of branches and the brush of wings among those bushes. At every sound my muscles grew tense, and I felt all the thrills of a lifetime run through me. Still I walked on undisturbed congratulating myself upon showing no fear.

In the distance a single light glowed and twinkled. In order to forget the rustles and stirrings in the bushes at my side, I tried to imagine what might be the reason for the light. About the time I had concluded that it belonged to some automobile slowly moving along in the distance, I was suddenly brought to earth by a swirl of wings on my left. I was now on a line with the woods; therefore it was probably some large nocturnal bird startled by my footsteps.

The shadows of the great oaks began fluttering across my path; accordingly I set a faster pace. As I did so, I was sure some one was behind me; however, my more fearless self insisted that the noise was occasioned by a rolling pebble loosened by my own feet. By now I had rounded the curve of the road and as I saw the faint outline of our house my fears were quickly calmed.—Walter Pealer, Jan. '28.

Purple

Bang! Off we went like a flash. Before me on the curving track were two opponents and a teammate. Around we went at a fast pace. One lap, two laps, and I determined to close up the gap between me and the leader. Directly behind the pacemaker I ran. The distance between us shortened; inch by inch it decreased. Now on even terms I measured strides with the purple jersey. One hundred yards yet to go! I called on my reserves. On my left a long stretch of eager faces bent toward me and out of the roar of the crowd I could catch the cry "Come on, Reds! Keep it up, Reds!" I heard, but could put no more length to my stride. On my right a purple jersey threatened, creeping slowly up until abreast of me. Gathering all my strength for that challenge, I made a faint spurt and crossed the tape just ahead of the purple!—Elmer Twining, June '27.

Dreaming Now?

Dreaming dreams forever am I,
Only to wake and give a sigh.
Here's to hoping my dreams come true!
Then all my thoughts take a brighter hue.
You understand, if you dream too.

—Dayton Froelich, Jan. '28.

The Tamiami Trail

Through drooping boughs and lustrous leaves
The southing breezes wail,
And tell in rustling accents sweet
Of the Tamiami Trail.

From coast to coast, from gulf to sea,
O'er hill and stream and dale,
As beautiful as God could make,
Is the Tamiami Trail.

Through woods that harbor Nature's wards
—The duck, the swan, the quail—
By lakes with mirrored surfaces
Lies the Tamiami Trail.

The beauty of the highlands rare
The fairness of the vale,
Are at their best when lending charm
To the Tamiami Trail.

In golden splendor, orange groves
The gentle hillsides scale
And add their sunny mellow charm
To the Tamiami Trail.

Live oaks have draped their boughs with moss,
As though they wished to veil,
In modesty, the great beauty
Of the Tamiami Trail.

To sing the glories of this spot
Sounds like a fairy tale,
But God ne'er made a fairer place
Than the Tamiami Trail.

Arthur Nackman, Jan. '28.

My Choice

To the right, to the left
I have my choice of roads.
Where they will take me
I do not know.

I am out to seek my fortune
To make my name and fame,
To follow in my father's steps
The steps of lasting glory.

The road to my right
Is narrow and rough
And at the end I'm told
Is the rugged cross.

The road to my left
Is smooth and wide
And at the end I'm told
Is a pot of jewels.

My forefathers made their choices,
Which gave them fame unmarred.
My father made his choice,
Which he will ne'er regret.

I've made my choice
And now my journey starts.
To the left?—to the right?
To the way of the rugged cross.
—Arnold Goldberg, June '27.

Be Truthful

What is the thing that now in youth
It profits us to do?—to tell the truth.
It matters not the way our fortune goes,
How hard the luck; we ought with strength
oppose

The shameful, harmful thing
That long leaves life's impulsive sting.
Be truthful.

Be truthful always, and you will find
That men respect the honest mind.
When fear and temptation threaten you,
Just face them bravely and fight them through.
If the world wants a motto for living right,
Let this be the aim to keep in sight:
Be truthful.

—Thomas Esrey, Jan. '29.

The Coming of Sleep

My eyelids droop and I can scarcely see
The couch that in the dusk awaiteth me
Where, when I've knelt and my prayers are
done,
I claim an earned repose and, one by one,
O'ercount the happenings of another day.

This is the sweetest hour of all I know
When 'twixt the land of dreams and earth I go.
Half waking, half asleep I meditate
Upon the deeds that ever kindly fate
Had willed I should perform upon this day.

Then o'er my soul there steals a calm repose,
A lovely lethargy that only those
Who feel its influence can contemplate.
Thus do I yield my eyelids' heavy weight
And sink in sleep until another day.



Girard 11, Germantown H. S. 1

The Girard soccer team flashed its real power on Tuesday, October 19, when it defeated the visitors from Germantown High School by the overwhelming score of 11 to 1. The forward line showed a strong offense and scored on Germantown almost at will. Galbraith and Geist were the scoring stars of the fray with three goals each, while the work of Turner, Germantown goal tender, was very brilliant. This was the most notable victory Girard has scored over Germantown in the last several years, and it certainly gave our championship hopes a big boost.

GIRARD		GERMANTOWN H. S.	
Rostron	Goal	Turner	
McFeeters	Fullback	Vesci	
Helt	Fullback	Marriott	
Sherry	Left Halfback	Smith	
Teti	Center Halfback	Shoefflin	
Simpson	Right Halfback	Moskowitz	
Moffett	Outside Left	Young	
Galbraith	Inside Left	Rojewski	
Scott	Center	Benner	
Geist	Inside Right	Dirner	
Shortlidge	Outside Right	Dinney	

Goals: Galbraith 3, Geist 3, Moffett 2, Gans, Shortlidge, Edwards, Dirner. Referee: Spence. Substitutions: Girard, Edwards for Geist, Binder for Galbraith, Jones for Helt, Williams for Sherry, Gans for Shortlidge, Dudley for Scott.

Girard 17, Penn Fresh 1

What a triumph was registered on Saturday, October 30, when the varsity soccer team amassed the amazing total of 17 goals to 1 against the Penn Freshmen.

Never before under Coach Otto's tutelage has a team compiled so many goals in one game. The lack of team work which has been evident at times was not at all present here, and the showing of the forward line and backfield in this game would have been a threat to any opponent.

Edwards set a scoring record when he tallied seven goals, while the playing of Harker at fullback stamps him as the best back seen at the College so far this year.

GIRARD		PENN FRESH	
Rostron	Goal	Lewis	
McFeeters	Fullback	Passmore	
Harker	Fullback	McLoughlin	
Simpson	Right Halfback	Farnshaw	
Teti	Center Halfback	Field	
Helt	Left Halfback	Vandergriff	
Throne	Outside Left	Bordogni	
Moffett	Inside Left	Holmes	
Galbraith	Center	Campbell	
Edwards	Inside Right	Forman	
Shortlidge	Outside Right	Schmidt	

Goals: Edwards 7, Galbraith 3, Moffett 3, Heavner, Teti, Forman. Referee: Spence. Substitutions: Girard, Heavner for Helt, Deladio for McFeeters, Klippert for Rostron, Dudley for Shortlidge.

Girard 3, George School 1

The soccer team found in George School, our very ancient rival, some very stiff opposition on Saturday, November 6, and was fully extended in order to win out by the score of 3 to 1.

The team was under a severe handicap on account of the long train ride and the condition of the field. The game was very close from the beginning to the end, but the score might have been higher had it not been for a peculiar off-side rule which hindered the Girardians a great deal.

Sydhams, the versatile George School back, played a fine game, while Captain Simpson prevented many a score by our hosts. The work of Throne on the end was brilliant, and he seemed to have recovered fully from his injury.

GIRARD		GEORGE SCHOOL	
Rostron	Goal	Henzey	
McFeeters	Fullback	Sydhams	
Harker	Fullback	Hartel	
Simpson	Right Halfback	Cullen	
Sherry	Center Halfback	Brown	
Helt	Left Halfback	Moore	
Shortlidge	Outside Right	Dutton	
Edwards	Inside Right	Wallis	
Geist	Center	Garland	
Moffett	Inside Left	Nelson	
Throne	Outside Left	Bowman	

Goals: Shortlidge, Moffett, Galbraith, Garland. Referee: Scott. Substitutions: Girard, Galbraith for Shortlidge, Heavner for Helt.

Girard 13, Westtown 0

Fighting on a wet field which handicapped the play of both teams considerably, Girard administered a crushing defeat to Westtown on Saturday, November 13.

The score, which at half time was 7 to 0 and at the end of the game was 13 to 0, does not indicate how decisively Girard downed her old foe, for the forward line made many errors which should have been

converted into easy goals. The work of Girard's backfield stood out very prominently.

Captain Simpson, as usual, played an excellent game fighting every minute of play, while Sherry, his running mate at halfback, also put up an exhibition of good soccer. Geist was the high scorer for Girard, netting the ball four times.

GIRARD		WESTTOWN	
Rostron	Goal	Bowman	
McFeeters	Fullback	Evans	
Harker	Fullback	Gardiner	
Sherry	Right Halfback	Carter	
Simpson	Center Halfback	Bringhurst	
Helt	Left Halfback	Matlack	
Edwards	Outside Right	Lightfoot	
Geist	Inside Right	Fletcher	
Galbraith	Center	Masters	
Moffett	Inside Left	Crouse	
Throne	Outside Left	Rhoads	

Goals: Geist 4, Edwards 2, Galbraith 2, Moffett 2, Throne, Binder, Scott. Referee: Spence. Substitutions: Girard, Binder for Geist, Geist for Galbraith, Heavner for Sherry, Williams for Heavner, Scott for Throne, Dudley for Scott, Shortlidge for Edwards.

Girard 5, Haverford "Jayvees" 3

Playing on the usual soggy field, Girard by hard fighting and timely scoring was able to defeat the Haverford College "Jayvees" on Saturday, November 20.

Girard had little trouble in the first half, being ahead by a 3 to 0 score, and looked like an easy victor. But the wind and Haverford suddenly changed together, and our team was forced to fight an uphill battle. Haverford at this point started to play better soccer, and crept up until the score stood 4 to 3 in Girard's favor. As affairs began to appear rather dismal with Haverford trying valiantly to tie the score, Moffett, who played a very good game, netted the ball and checked the rally of our opponents.

GIRARD		HAVERFORD
Rostron	Goal	McWhinney
McFeeters	Fullback	Berlinger
Harker	Fullback	Fowler
Sherry	Right Halfback	Rudrauff
Simpson	Center Halfback	Frazier
Helt	Left Halfback	Gotum
Shortlidge	Outside Right	Rhoades
Edwards	Inside Right	Sharpless
Geist	Center	Wickersham
Moffett	Inside Left	Richie
Throne	Outside left	Bullen

Goals: Moffett 2, R. Galbraith, Simpson, Scott, Sharpless, Wickersham, Richie. Referee: Smith. Substitutions: Girard, J. Galbraith for Shortlidge, R. Galbraith for Moffett, Heavner for Sherry, Williams for Heavner, Eddy for Rostron, Scott for J. Galbraith. Haverford, McConaghy for Sharpless.

Girard 3, Alumni 0

Girard, using both the varsity and second teams against the Alumni in their annual game on Thanksgiving Day, was able to score a 3-0 victory.

The score does not indicate how completely the Alumni was outplayed, for it was only the fine playing of Perotti and Miller that prevented a higher score. Dunkleberger appearing in his first game this season, played fine soccer and backed up the forward line effectively in every play. The game was without thrills most of the time, for it was played on the North playground, which handicapped both teams a great deal.

GIRARD		ALUMNI
Rostron	Goal	Perotti
McFeeters	Fullback	Minnigh
Harker	Fullback	Haas
Simpson	Right Halfback	Gilliland
Dunkleberger	Center Halfback	Wurth
Helt	Left Halfback	Noepple
Edwards	Outside Right	McCabe
Geist	Inside Right	Gray
J. Galbraith	Center	Lynch
Moffett	Inside Left	Evans
Throne	Outside Left	Moore

Goals: Tempest, Geist, Edwards. Referee: Spence. Substitutions: Girard, entire first and second teams. Alumni, Grecia for Noepple, Miller for Perotti.

Northeast 2, Girard 1

Captain Simpson led his cohorts to the Northeast field for the final test after winning nine straight games. The game started with a rush, but neither team scored in the first quarter. Girard tallied her first and only goal in the second quarter, on a beautiful pass from Throne to the center, and a shot from the five yard line by Geist. It was in this eventful quarter that Northeast also scored one of her goals. By a queer twist of fate, the ball bounced off McFeeters' toe and into our goal. The score at the end of the half was Girard 1, Northeast 1.

The third quarter was marked by brilliant dribbling and wonderful defensive work on both sides. As the period drew to a close, Captain Rojewski of Northeast broke loose and booted what proved to be the winning goal.

The final period witnessed a most desperate offence on the part of Girard and an equally extraordinary defense on the part of Northeast. Time and again the Girard dribblers bombarded the enemy's goal, but the defense held, and Girard was destined to go to defeat.

The game was played by fifteen-minute quarters and handicapped Girard severely, for it shortened our usual playing time by a half hour.

GIRARD		NORTHEAST
Rostron	Goal	Zimmerman
McFeeters	Fullback	Brownback
Harker	Fullback	Irwin
Simpson	Right Halfback	Crockett
Dunkleberger	Center Halfback	Cohen
Helt	Left Halfback	Murphy
Edwards	Outside Right	Klock
Geist	Inside Right	Rojewski
J. Galbraith	Center	Dolchin
Moffett	Inside Left	Peacock
Throne	Outside Left	Plunkett

Goals: Geist, Dolchin, Rojewski. Referee: Scott. Substitutions: Girard: R. Galbraith for J. Galbraith; Scott for R. Galbraith. Northeast: Cecelloni for Clark.

Girard J. V. 8, Germantown J. V. 1

The Girard Scrubs again romped to an easy victory by defeating the Germantown booters 8 to 1. The Girardians found little opposition and the ball was easily booted through the Germantown goal. McCullough and Layman were the leading scorers with two goals apiece.

GIRARD		GERMANTOWN
Seuffert	Goal	McAmbly
Levay	Fullback	Boyer
Darrah	Fullback	Walker
Jones	Right Halfback	Robinson
Shoucair	Center Halfback	Richmond
Gable	Left Halfback	Sinirsh
Zucca	Outside Right	Fisher
Miller	Inside Right	Britt
McCullough	Center	Kraten
Mackowsky	Inside Left	Miles
Ramsey	Outside Left	Snyder

Goals: McCullough 2, Layman 2, O'Boyle, Tempest, Gable, Miller, Kraten. Substitutions: Girard, Entire squad.

Girard J. V. 4, Phila. Normal 0

The Girard second team defeated the Philadelphia Normal School first team by a score of 4 to 0. It was the hardest match the Girard team played, as fewer goals were scored by the Girardians than in any of the games. The battle was interesting from the start to finish, both teams showing plenty of fight. Zucca was the leading scorer with two successful boots through the opponents' goal.

GIRARD		PHILA. NORMAL
Bye	Goal	Branhut
Thomas	Fullback	Wild
Harding	Fullback	Gentile
Batt	Right Halfback	Hawkins
Shoucair	Center Halfback	Garca
Kinzey	Left Halfback	Grossman
Zucca	Outside Right	Lempert
Miller	Inside Right	Metzner
Tempest	Center	Melody
Reilly	Inside Left	Baldino
Layman	Outside Left	Kravitz

Goals: Zucca 2, McCullough, Tempest. Substitutions: Girard, Entire squad.

Girard J. V. 9, George School J. V. 0

Fifteen members of the Girard reserves travelled to George School to take part in their first game on a foreign field. Although the field was much larger than the home field, the Jayvees found as little trouble in piling up nine goals on their opponents, as in holding them scoreless. Reilly, Girard's inside left, was the leading scorer with three goals, while Captain Miller and Weakley each accounted for two. Tempest and McCullough also scored.

Girard J. V. 9, Westtown J. V. 0

The Girard Jayvees journeyed to the Westtown Boarding School and easily triumphed over the home Jayvees by a 9 to 0 score. In this game the Girardians found little opposition. The Girard goal was very seldom threatened due to the good defensive work of the backs, while the forward line scored at random. Tempest, center forward, was the individual scoring ace with four accurate shots through the opposing goal. Captain Miller accounted for three goals, while Zucca and Weakley were each responsible for one.

The Success of the "Jayvees"

For the thirteenth consecutive season the Girard Junior Varsity remains undefeated. The team has amassed a total of 56 goals during seven games, while but one goal was scored against them. This is a record for any team to be proud of. Coach Hawkins' squad, in addition to defeating all outside teams, furnished the Varsity many good practice games. The scores by which the Varsity triumphed over the Juniors indicate the closeness of these contests. The members of the Varsity and Coach Otto appreciate immensely the aid given them by the reserves in practice games and in spirit.

SWIMMING

West Philadelphia H. S. 33, Girard 29

For the first time in five years the West Philadelphia tankmen lowered the colors of Girard College swimmers in a meet provided with many thrills. The final score was 33 to 29.

The Girardians were in the lead at the start of the final event. It was necessary for the "Speedboys" to capture first and second places in order to forge ahead to victory. Flack and Tansman met the test and won the meet for West Philly.

Due to eligibility rules, Captain Teti of Girard was unable to compete. Grant, the breast-stroke artist, will act as captain until Teti's return.

200-yd. relay—Won by W. P. H. S. (Tansman, Flack, Anderson, Trainor) Time 1.55.

Diving—Won by Binder, Girard; second, Campbell, W. P. H. S.; third, Gillespie, W. P. H. S.

50-yd. dash—Won by Rauh, Girard; second, Doerffel, Girard; third, Trainor, W. P. H. S. Time 28 3-5.

220-yd. swim—Won by Marshall, W. P. H. S.; second, Mayer, Girard; third, Rogers, W. P. H. S. Time 2.53 3-5.

50-yd. back stroke—Won by Anderson, W. P. H. S.; second, Thorne, Girard; third, Adams, Girard. Time 36 4-5.

100-yd. dash—Won by Flack, W. P. H. S.; second, Tansman, W. P. H. S.; third, Doerffel, Girard. Time 1.06.

Central H. S. 41, Girard 21

The Central High natators easily triumphed over our own swimmers by a 41-21 score. Armstrong, Central's captain, was the leading individual scorer with two first places, one in the fifty-yard dash and the other in the one hundred-yard free style swim. He was also anchor man on

the two hundred-yard relay, and was largely responsible for Central's victory.

Captain Grant was the only Girardian to capture a first place. He easily outdistanced all other competitors in his event, the one hundred-yard breast stroke.

200-yd. relay—Won by Central (Merkle, Bastian, J. Armstrong, W. Armstrong) Time 1:49 2-5.

Diving—Won by Weiner, Central; second, Binder, Girard; third, Roan, Central.

50-yd. dash—Won by W. Armstrong, Central; second, Doerffel, Girard; third, Rauh, Girard. Time 27 1-5.

100-yd. back stroke—Won by J. Armstrong, Central; second, Bastian, Central; third, Throne, Girard. Time 1.16.

220-yd. swim—Won by Merkle, Central; second, Mayer, Girard; third, Goodman, Central. Time 2.40.

100-yd. breast stroke—Won by Grant, Girard; second, Read, Girard; third, J. Armstrong, Central. Time 1:24.

100-yd. dash—Won by W. Armstrong, Central; second, Bastian, Central; third, Spahr, Girard. Time 1:02 3-5.

Gym Team Loses Opener

On Saturday, December 11, the Pennsylvania Freshmen helped us open our gym season. The contest was marked by the introduction of the ring apparatus, the substitution of the intercollegiate scoring system, and the well-earned victory of our visitors. According to the intercollegiate method of scoring, a first place counts five points, a second place three points, and a third place one point. The final score was 31½ to 13½.

Snyder, a former Northeast High School gymnast, was a cause of worry to our team, scoring fifteen points for the Freshmen. Our principal point maker was Phillips who made a total of five points.



Mechanical School Notes

One important aim of the Mechanical School is to avoid routine exercise work, and to keep a boy busy making things which he knows compare favorably with those on the market. The extent to which this is carried on in the College can readily be seen by a short tour of the shops.

The Drafting Department has made the plans for its own tables which are under construction in the Carpentry Shop; tools to be used in the Auto-mechanic Shop, dental tools, tooth powder dispensers, and irons, and plans for a combination plain and swivel vise for use in the Machine Shop.

The Pattern Shop is converting an old automobile top into a "real" auto for the use of the boys on the No. 7 playground.

The Sloyd Department has recently completed a number of bird houses, which are a part of the plan for bringing the birds back to the College. The bird houses are to be placed in the trees about the grounds. As another phase of this plan, bird baths to be placed among the shrubbery are contemplated.

The Carpentry Shop seems to be well supplied with work. Among the many things which have been recently completed or are still under construction, can be found the thirty new drafting tables, a number of classroom tables, a music filing cabinet for Mr. Banks, a library table, a closet to be used for storing the class dec-

orations, a combination bench and cabinet for the Auto-mechanic Shop, three game-tables, a number of bulletin boards, bookshelves, and a cabinet for the motion picture machine.

The Machine Shop has recently completed and installed a number of combination safety catches and hinges on the step ladders used in the College. The spigots to be used in the Chemistry laboratory are still under construction.

New Band Instruments

Within the last few months the College Band and Orchestra have procured quite a number of new instruments. Those recently added to the Band are a bass clarinet, an alto clarinet, a bassoon, and two oboes. Among the new instruments received by the Orchestra are seven violins made in Germany by a famous Italian violin maker. This noted violin maker sent two hundred violins to America and a month after their delivery every one of them had been sold in one store in Philadelphia. The bassoon and oboes added to the Band will also be used with the Orchestra.

Hallowe'en Entertainment

On Friday evening, October 29, the annual Hallowe'en entertainment was presented by Misses Grace Brewer Allen and Mildred Eckly and the magician and monologist, "El Barto."

Miss Allen's performances on the piano, violin, trombone, and musical saw were extremely remarkable and entertaining. On one occasion she played the trombone and piano at the same time, and her playing on the musical saw was both novel and wonderful. Miss Allen also sang. Miss Eckly was her accompanist both when she played and sang.

"El Barto" succeeded in "fooling all of the people all of the time" with a group of interesting and amusing tricks and when he spoke he threw the entire audience into a roar of laughter.

As a whole the entertainment was very good and was one of the very best we have seen on any Hallowe'en.

Club Meetings

The ten organized clubs held their second meeting of the term on Friday evening, November 5.

At the meeting of the Camera Club, Francis Fulton gave a talk on the method of making and coloring slides; Lester Schultz spoke on the making of a positive plate, illustrating his speech; Thomas McCue spoke on stereoscopic films and what this kind of films will mean to the public in the future. An insight into some very involved phases of photography was given by Joseph Feltis.

The Chemistry Club, due to the absence of its faculty member, Mr. Dennis, was the guest of the Naturalists Club. Andrew Friedrich spoke on the excretory system, and Max Weinstein on the composition of food. Three members of the Naturalists Club also reported on topics: Alfredo Lisi on Mendel's law, Alfred D'Auito on dogs, and John Simpson on the synthetic era.

The Chess and Checker Club spent a

thoroughly enjoyable evening playing chess and checkers.

The Commercial Club opened its meeting with a general discussion as to what places they desired to visit. If possible the members will visit the Curtis Publishing Company, the Corn Exchange National Bank, the Bell Telephone Building, the Elverson Building or the Public Ledger Building. It was decided that former Girard boys now attending the University of Pennsylvania and Temple University will speak at the next Forum Meeting. The meeting closed with an informal discussion.

At the meeting of the Dramatic Club Francis Quirk read an article on the pupils of the Perry School in England who write and act original plays. Following this, the entrants in the club's "Original Play Contest" read their plays. Mr. Andrews then announced that on Monday he would choose the play he considered best and have the members of the club present it before the rest of the High School some Monday morning. Various members of the club also gave their opinions on the several plays. Incidentally it may here be mentioned that Charles Tetlow's play, "Nathan Hale," was Mr. Andrews' choice.

The Electrical Club met in the Mechanical School where several members experimented with a sign-flashing machine to see how it was arranged in order to give different flashes. The remainder of the meeting was spent discussing the differences between alternating and direct current.

At the meeting of the Industrial Club, Mr. Martin introduced Mr. John Piot, who gave the club a very interesting and instructive talk on asbestos. Paul Emery, a member of the club, also spoke on a trip to the Elverson Building.

A general discussion on the advisability of adopting a club pin opened the meeting of the Literary and Debating Society. Following this Robert McHose gave an excellent book review of the "Broad Highway" and Stewart Fulton gave an equally good review of "Cappy Ricks Retires." Several members gave readings and Alfred Equi discussed the political attitude of Kipling toward the United States.

The Radio Club conducted a series of experiments illustrating the tuning, sending, receiving, interference, static and resonance of a radio set. Robert McMullen gave a demonstration of the various methods used in testing a defective set. Several old, self-contained sets were examined and fifteen minutes was spent "listening in."

At the chapel assembly on Thursday morning, October 28, a few of the seniors presented a short sketch from Shakespeare's "King Richard III." George Doerffel as King Richard did some wonderful acting and deserves a great deal of praise for his portrayal of the king. The other players were John Reidy, a ghost; and Harry Otto who played two parts, that of the Duke of Norfolk and that of the other ghost. Both of the latter played their parts very well and also deserve commendation.

Trips

On Tuesday, November 16, Miss Bregy's special art class took a trip to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Broad and Cherry Streets.

On the same day the accounting group of the J-2 class and Mr. March, their teacher, visited the Wilbur Cocoa and Chocolate Company. The trip through

the plant was exceedingly interesting and instructive; furthermore, the boys were invited to help themselves from a barrel of Wilbur Buds.

The Industrial Club's trip on Wednesday, October 27, took them to the Elverson Building, where they obtained some knowledge of how a large daily newspaper is printed and distributed. On Thursday, November 7, they went to the Link Belt Company where they saw some unique work in the cutting of spiral gears, electric welding, shearing of heavy iron plates, assembly work, and the layout of the drafting room. Another trip is being planned.

The prospective members of the debating team heard the Penn-Cambridge debate, with Dr. Herrick presiding, on the question, "Resolved: That this House opposes the growing tendency of Government to invade the Rights of Individuals." The debate was an interesting affair, the question being a most important and debatable subject. It was also interesting because both English and American styles of debating were represented, and the delightful accent of the Englishmen together with their pleasing personalities was most entertaining.

Declamation Contest

PROGRAM

The Original Declamation Contest was held on Friday evening, December third in the High School Auditorium. The program was as follows:

- (a) "Baby Boo" March, *Jewel*.
- (b) "Desert Caravan," *Zamecnik*, Girard College Orchestra.

"The Magic Carpet," Elmer E. Twining.

"Sir Roger's Views on Modern Advertising," William B. Benjamin.

Sea Song—"Who Sails with Drake," *Chudleigh-Candish*, Girard College Glee Club.

"An Appreciation of Samuel Johnson," Franklin D. Ickes.

"The Violin," William S. Heavner.

Cello Solo—"Andante from Concerto Number 4," *Goltermann*, William B. Biester.

"The Man with the Drill and the Pick," John T. Reidy.

Part Song—"Sleepy Head," *Davis-Greer*, Girard College Glee Club.

"The Romance of Aviation," Russell S. Malony.

"The Secret," *Gautier*, Girard College Orchestra.

Announcement of Decision of Judges.

Judges—Charles A. Dougherty, '04; Carroll H. Frey, '12; Arthur E. Fink, '20.

All the speeches were very excellent. The decision of the judges awarded first prize to William Benjamin for his speech on "Sir Roger's Views on Modern Advertising" which was truly humorous; second prize to Donald Ickes for his speech on "An Appreciation of Samuel Johnson" which gave the audience quite an insight into the character of that great man; and third prize to Elmer Twining for his speech on "The Magic Carpet" in which he transported his audience to the four corners of the globe. The playing of the orchestra and the singing of the Glee Club were also exceptionally good.

This annual contest is made possible through the Girard College Alumni Association which has established three prizes, the first of fifteen dollars, the second of ten dollars, and the third of five dollars, which are awarded to the three best original declamations. The boys will receive their prizes at the semi-

annual distribution of prizes on February 12.

Trips

On Tuesday, December 7, Mr. March took his J-2 accounting group to the Fleisher Yarn Mill where the boys were shown the several steps necessary to change wool as it comes from the sheep into commercial yarn. Mr. March pointed out that the Fleisher plant is a model organization. The trip was extremely interesting.

The Glee Club was rewarded for its splendid work this year when on Tuesday evening, December 21, its members were taken to the Lyric Theatre where they saw a celebrated operetta, "The Student Prince." The singing was truly wonderful, the play itself was delightful, and every minute of the three hours was enjoyed immensely. After the show was over the boys were introduced to some of the leading characters in the play.

Exchanges

Steel and Garnet—Girard College Alumni.

The Green Stone—West Chester Normal School.

Hermes—Montgomery School.

Cleveland—Germantown High School.

The Mount Airy World—Penna. Institute for the Deaf.

The Broadcaster—A. H. Shaw Junior High School.

Academy Monthly—Germantown Academy.

Academy Scholium—The Episcopal Academy.

Courier—Jay Cooke Junior High School.

Upi-Dah—Upper Darby High School.

Phillips Bulletin—Phillips Academy.

The Caldron—Friends' Select School.

The Class of January 1927

En Route

Much trodden roads

Bear signs at crossings or at partings

Directing the travellers to safe destination

At this parting

Girard with prudent index finger

Points on to broader highways, where

The Class of January 1927

Hopes to toil as it has been taught

By wise precept and unselfish example

Thus only shall we become

True sons of old Girard



COMMENCEMENT

Class of January 1927

OFFICERS

SENIOR-TWO

President—LAVERE J. SPAULDING

Vice-President—HENRY L. KLIPPERT

Secretary—JOHN W. GEIST

Treasurer—WALTER A. DAMPMAN

Business Manager—ANDREW FRIEDRICH

SENIOR-ONE

President—LAVERE J. SPAULDING

Vice-President—BERT DELLADIO

Secretary—MAX WEINSTEIN

Treasurer—ANDREW FRIEDRICH

Business Manager—GEORGE L. FISHER

JUNIOR-TWO

President—BERT DELLADIO

Vice-President—MAX WEINSTEIN

Secretary—RAYMOND McCURE

Treasurer—WILLIAM S. HEAVNER

Business Manager—ANDREW FRIEDRICH

JUNIOR-ONE

President—MAX WEINSTEIN

Vice-President—EDWARD L. GEORGE

Secretary—WALTER A. DAMPMAN

Treasurer—HYMAN MARON

Business Manager—THOMAS J. LYNCH



LAVERE J. SPAULDING
TIOGA, PA.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEE

LAVERE J. SPAULDING, S-2

PAUL E. WILLIAMS, S-2

GEORGE DOERFFEL, S-2

JOHN J. SIMPSON, S-1

BERT DELLADIO, S-1

PAUL E. WILLIAMS, J-2

PAUL E. WILLIAMS, J-1

HOUSE COMMITTEE

GEORGE DOERFFEL, S-2

GEORGE L. EDDY, S-2

LAVERE J. SPAULDING, S-1

ALEXANDER GANS, J-2

PAUL E. WILLIAMS, J-1



GEORGE B. AMMON
LANCASTER, PA.



ALBERT BINDER
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



HARRY BRENNAN
SILES, PA.



HARRY C. COLLOM
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



GEORGE A. CONGDON
CHEWTOWN, N. J.



WALTER A. DAMPMAN
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



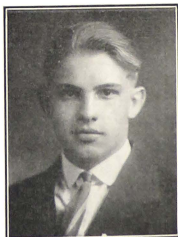
CHARLES A. DAVENPORT
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.



KENNETH W. DAVIS
ALLENTOWN, PA.



BERT DELLADIO
SHAMOKIN, PA.



GEORGE A. DOERFFEL
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THOMAS J. DUDLEY
LANSDOWNE, PA.



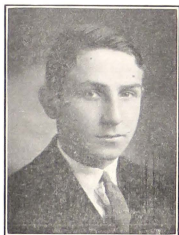
GEORGE L. EDDY
DREXEL HILL, PA.



FERD. R. EHRENZELLER
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



GEORGE L. FISHER
SANATOGA, PA.



ANDREW FRIEDRICH
POMEROY, PA.



JOHN M. GABEL
DOWNTOWN, PA.



ROBERT J. GALBRAITH
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



ALEXANDER A. GANS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



JOHN W. GEIST
ALTOONA, PA.



EDWARD L. GEORGE
DOVER, DELAWARE



ROBERT W. GRANT
FACTORYVILLE, PA.



ALBERT E. HARKER
EAST FALLS, PA.



WILLIAM H. HARTMAN
WAYNE, PA.



WILLIAM HEAVNER
PALMYRA, N. J.



HENRY W. HITNER
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



FRANKLIN D. ICKES
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



IRA JEFFERSON, JR.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



HENRY L. KLIPPERT
MOUNTAIN HOME, PA.



LOUIS KRAUSE
NEW YORK, N. Y.



DAVID H. LAIRD
SCRANTON, PA.



EDGAR H. MCCLELLAND
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THOMAS MCCUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



HYMAN MARON
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



EDWARD H. MATHER
HATBORO, PA.



HARRY W. OTTO
READING, PA.



FRANKLIN D. ICKES
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



IRA JEFFERSON, JR.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



HENRY L. KLIPPERT
MOUNTAIN HOME, PA.



LOUIS KRAUSE
NEW YORK, N. Y.



DAVID H. LAIRD
SCRANTON, PA.



EDGAR H. MCCLELLAND
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THOMAS MCCUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



HYMAN MARON
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



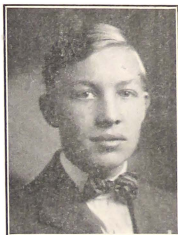
EDWARD H. MATHER
BARTBORO, PA.



HARRY W. OTTO
READING, PA.



HOWARD S. ROBERTS
WILKES-BARRE, PA.



JOHN E. ROHRER
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



GEORGE S. ROSTROM
CHESTER, PA.



JOSEPH SCOTT, JR.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



STANLEY SELLERS
MONTGOMERYVILLE, PA.



HOWARD W. SHERRY
FOX CHASE, PA.



ALBERT J. SHOUCAIR
BROOKLYN, N. Y.



JOHN J. SIMPSON
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



JOHN C. SPAHR
LIMA, PA.



ALFREDO TETI
CHESTER, PA.



LAYSHON W. TOWNSEND
COATESVILLE, PA.



EDWARD L. VELETTA
CARNEGIE, PA.



ELWOOD S. WALKER
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



MAX WEINSTEIN
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



PAUL E. WILLIAMS
GETTYSBURG, PA.

CLASS HONORS

Band Members

Walter A. Dampman, clarinet; Thomas J. Dudley, clarinet; Andrew Friedrich, cornet; Albert Harker, euphonium; Henry Hitner, saxophone; Hyman Maron, helicon; Edward Mather, cornet; George Rostron, tuba; Albert Shoucair, drum; John C. Spahr, trombone; Elwood S. Walker, cornet; Paul E. Williams, trombone.

Orchestra Members

William Heavner, Concertmaster; John Rohrer, Ass't. Concertmaster; Bert Delladio, Ass't. Concertmaster; George L. Eddy, viola; George L. Fisher, bass viol; Edward L. George, viola; Louis Krause, violin; Edward Veletta, viola.

Piano Class

Harry Collom, Charles H. Davenport, Franklin D. Ickes, Thomas S. McCue, Howard S. Roberts.

Class Orchestra Members

George L. Fisher, bass viol; Andrew Friedrich, cornet; Henry Hitner, saxophone; Louis Krause, violin; Edward Mather, cornet; John Rohrer, violin; John C. Spahr, trombone; Paul E. Williams, trombone; George Rostron, tuba.

Glee Club Members

Henry L. Klippert, President; Bert Delladio, Secretary; Edward L. George,

Librarian; George L. Eddy, Monitor; George A. Congdon, Ferdinand Ehrenzeller, George L. Fisher, William Hartman, William Heavner, Henry Hitner, Franklin D. Ickes, Howard S. Roberts, George Rostron, Howard W. Sherry, Albert Shoucair, Laverne Spaulding, Alfredo Teti, Layshon Townsend, Elwood S. Walker, Max Weinstein, Paul E. Williams.

Battalion Officers

Alexander Gans, Senior Captain; Robert W. Grant, Lieutenant; Harry W. Otto, First Lieutenant, and John M. Gabel, Sergeant Major, Staff Officers; William Hartman and Ira Jefferson, Supply Sergeants; Max Weinstein, Stanley Sellers, Layshon Townsend, Albert Binder, Sergeants; Alfredo Teti, Corporal.

Band Officers

Andrew Friedrich, Captain; Hyman Maron and Henry Hitner, Lieutenants; Paul E. Williams, Walter Dampman, Albert Harker, Edward Mather, George Rostron, and John C. Spahr, Sergeants.

Wearers of the "G"

Baseball: John W. Geist, John J. Simpson.

Track: Henry L. Klippert, Alfredo Teti.

Tennis: Bert Delladio, Captain; Robert G. Galbraith, Paul E. Williams, Thomas J. Dudley.

CLASS HONORS

Basketball: John W. Geist, Captain, Harry Brennan, Joseph Scott, Jr., Manager, John J. Simpson, Albert E. Harker, Bert Delladio, Paul E. Williams, Robert G. Galbraith, Laverne Spaulding.

Swimming: Alfredo Teti, Captain; Robert W. Grant, George A. Doerffel, John C. Spahr, Thomas J. Dudley, Manager, 1925-26; George Rostron, Manager, 1926-27.

Soccer: John J. Simpson, Captain, George Rostron, Albert E. Harker, Howard W. Sherry, Alfredo Teti, William Heavner, John W. Geist, Paul E. Williams, Joseph Scott, Jr., Thomas J. Dudley, Albert Binder, George L. Eddy, Alexander Gans, Bert Delladio, Charles A. Davenport, Manager.

Cheer Leaders: George A. Doerffel, Layshon W. Townsend, Franklin D. Ickes.

Winners of the Numerals

Baseball: Harry Brennan, Howard W. Sherry, John M. Gabel.

Soccer: Albert J. Shoucair, John M. Gabel, Edward Mather, George A. Doerffel.

Basketball: Paul E. Williams, Max Weinstein, Howard W. Sherry, John M. Gabel.

Tennis: Andrew Friedrich, Walter A. Dampman, Edgar H. McClelland.

Track: Howard S. Roberts, Edward Mather, Alexander Gans.

Awards, Prizes, and Records

Palmer Certificates: Edgar H. McClelland, Max Weinstein, Harry Brennan, Ferdinand Ehrenzeller, Paul E. Williams, Howard S. Roberts, William Hartman, Albert E. Harker, Walter A. Dampman, Albert Binder, Andrew Friedrich, Edward George, Louis Krause.

Typing Certificates: Harry Brennan (Underwood), Albert Shoucair (Underwood), Howard S. Roberts (Royal), John E. Rohrer (Underwood), Albert E. Harker (Royal), Franklin D. Ickes (Underwood), Edgar H. McClelland (Royal).

Typing Medals: Thomas J. Dudley (Bronze Medal), Harry Otto (Bronze Medal).

Efficiency in Piano Playing: Thomas McCue, first prize; Howard S. Roberts, second prize.

Prizes for Orchestra Improvement: Bert Delladio, second prize; William Heavner, second prize.

Chemistry prize: Max Weinstein.

Mathematics prize: Max Weinstein.

Science prize: Paul E. Williams.

Spanish prize: Hyman Maron.

L'Alliance Francaise prize: Hyman Maron.

Essay on Trip to Shenandoah: George L. Fisher, first prize.

CLASS HONORS

Thrift Essay: Franklin D. Ickes, first prize; Hyman Maron, third prize.

Original Declamation Contest: Franklin D. Ickes, second prize.

Safety Device Essay: Thomas McCue, third prize.

Records: Robert Grant, College record, 50, 100, 200, and 440-yard breast stroke.

Clubs

Camera Club: Thomas McCue, President S-2.

Literary and Debating Club: Edward L. George, President S-2; Harry Otto, Secretary J-2.

Commercial Club: George L. Fisher, President S-2; Howard S. Roberts, Secretary S-2.

Naturalists Club: John J. Simpson, President S-2.

Chess Club: Alexander Gans, President S-2; Alexander Gans, Secretary S-1.

Electrical Club: Harry Collom, President S-1; Harry Collom, Secretary J-2; John M. Gabel, Vice-President S-1.

Radio Club: Elwood Walker, Vice-President S-1.

Chemistry Club: The Club elects no officers. Members: Max Weinstein, Alfredo Teti, George Rostron, Andrew Friedrich.

Miscellaneous Honors

Girard Bulletin Committee: John C. Spahr.

Monday Morning Program Committee:

Lavere Spaulding, Paul E. Williams.

Assembly Committee: Henry L. Klippert, Franklin D. Ickes, John Simpson.

Scholastic Reporter: Layshon W. Townsend.

"Steel and Garnet" Reporter: Max Weinstein.

C. M. T. C. Members

This past summer Henry L. Klippert, Harry W. Otto, Joseph Scott, Layshon W. Townsend, and Albert Shoucair attended the Citizens' Military Training Camp at Camp Meade. This group as a whole distinguished themselves; they won honors in military training and in athletics. Albert Shoucair was the best first-year man in his company. Henry L. Klippert in a track meet received second prize in the shotput, was the winner of the 100-yard dash, and was the third highest scorer of the meet. All five members were on a rabbit ball team that reached the finals of a rabbit ball tourney before it was defeated.

Dramatics

The Class of January 1927 had three members in the cast of "Richelieu," which Mr. Andrews successfully staged last April. The part of the hero, a dashing young French nobleman DeMauprat, was acted by Paul E. Williams. Henry Hitner wore skirts for the first time, when he portrayed Julie, the heroine. Bert Deladio portrayed three characters: Lord Clermonte, the Captain of the Guards, and the Governor of the Bastille.

Taps

Sounded for the

CLASS OF JANUARY 1927

Declare the hour of retiring.

And yet to heedful minds

'Tis but the Reveille

Summoning to the conflict of life

For which

A Magnanimous Institution

Diligently and wisely labors to make men fit.



